

MOTHER EARTH

Vol. XII. May, 1917 No. 3



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Office: 20 East 125th Street, New York City

Telephone, Harlem 6194

Price, 10 Cents per Copy

One Dollar per Year

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature
Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Publisher and Editor, 20 East 125th Street.
New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at
New York, N. Y., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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THE SONG

AMONG the exchange prisoners who returned to France because of permanent disability was also my friend. I went to meet him and now I beheld him again—the wreck of a man. He, the big strong man, leader in every exploit—he was sitting in a go-cart drawn by a comrade—he had lost both his legs. He sat bent over, pale, his hair dishevelled. My heart cried out when I saw him. But not a sound came from my lips. I held out my hand to him. He pressed it heartily and looked up at me—the same old look of the friend, the comrade.

Did my look unconsciously hold a question? A faint smile crossed his lips; his mouth twitched with bitterness and sarcasm: "You think the rest of me is useless now?" "John"—was all I could say. Let me tell it calmly: Tears were flowing from my eyes—they fell on our clasped hands. And then he said, speaking with his very soul: "My heart is still whole, Sepp; so the fellow is still of some use."

In the evening I sat by him. He told me the story:

"I sacrificed them for the 'International.' We had to reconnoiter at night. We had advanced far to the front, crawling silently in the black night. The enemy trenches must have been very near. A mild breeze was blowing from the West. Suddenly we caught sounds. We sensed a melody. I listened. It is the International! The singer is not near. But his voice is powerful. The distance softens the hardness, and a warm, interflowing melody comes to me.

Now . . . the place where the German words run: 'In-

ternational Humanity will be!"

"I tremble all over. My heart beats fast: International Humanity will be! And I? I am lying here on my belly, armed to the teeth, crawling stealthily forward, my hands full of bombs which I am to throw into a trench filled with men like myself, inspired with the same ideals. And if I hit them, I scatter death among them Out of the distance comes again the refrain: 'International Humanity will be!'"

"Sepp, it was foolish of me, aye, wrong to my comrades. But I couldn't help myself. I felt as if I could stop the horror, could end the war, by calling to the singer there a greeting from the same song. I jump up and shout across: 'International Humanity will be!'"

"The Captain of the Guard called to me hoarsely: 'Shut up, man. Back, quick!' But I was still standing while the shots rained all about me. I was still standing as a sudden flash cut my body in relief on the black night, and before I could throw myself again on the ground, a fierce blast tore the sod under me, and I lost consciousness.

"Here and there I saw, as in a mist, men busying themselves about me. In my delirium in the French hospital I must have raved a good deal about love. When I fully regained consciousness again, I realized that both of my were gone. The assistant surgeon asked me one day, in German: 'Are you a Socialist?' I told him yes. He looked at me a long time, as one eyes a brother, and then he said, very low: 'Now I understand.' He was about to leave; then he suddenly seemed to think of something else. He turned again to me, held out his hand and said: 'Comrade . . . ah, it is terrible. Who would have thought of it? But you are right: International Humanity will be—or Humanity will never be.'"

John was silent. Very low, as if in a dream, he murmured: "International Humanity will be."

* * *

I CAN quite understand a man accepting laws that protect private property, and admit of its accumulation, as long as he himself is able under those conditions to realize some form of beautiful and intellectual life. But it is almost incredible to me how a man whose life is marred and made hideous by such laws can possibly acquiesce in their continuance.—*Oscar Wilde.*

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

BRITISH influence on American politics and policies, though cautious and secret, has always been felt. But now all disguises are dropped. Washington has become the ante-chamber of Lyold George. The republic has become the English head hunter of the enemies of British colonial oppression and misrule.

Among the first to suffer are of course the Hindus. No country, not even Ireland, has been victimized and pauperized more than India. Naturally the Hindu nationalists and revolutionists are the bitter enemies of the British autocracy in their fatherland. Our "free" republic has now undertaken the unenviable job of hunting down the representatives of New India in America. They are being arrested by the wholesale in every part of the country. In San Francisco the federal authorities recently arrested Ram Chandra and fifteen of his co-workers on the charge of conspiring to free India from the stifling clutch of the British tyrant. Ram Chandra, the editor of the *Hindustan Gadar*, is the most prominent spokesman of the Hindu revolutionary movement in America. He has resided in San Francisco for years and his activities in behalf of Free India have been an effective factor in enlightening his countrymen, and especially America, to the atrocities and oppression practiced by England in India. Suddenly Ram Chandra was placed under arrest, and is now held incommunicado. I wonder whether Wilson expected that his declaration of war against Germany would change the attitude of the Hindu patriots and revolutionists toward British misrule in their country, or does the fact that the United States is now an ally of Great Britain, do away with the high-handed methods practiced by England in India?

We feel confident that war or no war, the Hindu revolutionists in America will continue their propaganda for the liberation of India, and against all iniquity and injustice, as will all other true revolutionists in America.

* * *

PRESIDENT GOMPERS, of the American Federation of Labor, and Secretary Frank Morrison have filed a formal protest with the United States Attorney General

against the opinion rendered by the Supreme Court in the Adamson case.

As our readers will remember, this decision virtually deprives the railroad workers of the right to quit work or participate in a strike.

Of course, the Supreme Court decision really establishes the principle of feudalism in America; the serfdom of the railroad workers to the railroad barons in the name of "public interest." It will not be long before this principle finds broader application and successive extension into the various other industries. In the last analysis, every important industry is a public utility, and the strike in such an industry can be legally interpreted to be against public interest. The Adamson decision, therefore, establishes the principle of legally depriving the workers of their right to strike.

It is obvious why the President and Secretary of the American Federation of Labor have protested against a decision of the highest court of the land that establishes slavery. It is a most fundamental blow to the American Federation of Labor. Indeed it makes the whole labor movement of this country purposeless and useless.

Appealing to the Attorney General, however, will not help. Capital is king in America, and the Supreme Court merely registers its will. The pertinent question is, why did President Gompers pledge the support of his organization to the American King when the latter's profits and supremacy were endangered by the recent developments of the European War? Gompers even undertook to speak in the name of the whole organized labor movement of America, but it yet remains to be seen whether the rank and file will give their support to the Labor King in his pledge to the King of Capital.

* * *

ONE of the first rules of successful advertising is to find a laconic, easily remembered slogan, a phrase or epigram by which the defects of an inferior article are hidden. Germany, in her passionate efficiency, took quickly to the methods used by the exploiters of high sounding, meaningless words. "Our Kultur" became the first empty slogan exploited in the war. Thereafter followed "Vengeance for Desecrated Belgium," "We are

fighting for Civilization," etc., etc. America, not to be outdone by either her allies or newly acquired enemy, begins advertising extravagantly such captions as "The Free Institutions of America Must be Preserved," "America First and Last."

What mockery! Preservation implies, at least, that the thing itself once functioned. Our free institutions never have. Are we to recruit all our manhood to embalm a mirage? Will the 500,000 conscripted Americans, representatives of free institutions, fight and lose their lives for nothing more than a slogan? Will the upholder of a true ideal of liberty be persuaded that any intrusion in a brigand's quarrel will preserve an institution conceived in liberty? If he does he is bound for disillusionment. For already with the very first intimation of war all our assumptive free institutions are rendered despotic.

Consider, for example, how the meagre privilege of Free Speech dropped under the first blow of OBEY ORDERS. KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT. Consider the case of Miss Leonora Warensen, school teacher of Kansas City, who, for transcribing a few of the words used in a sermon on a certain historic Mount, is threatened with expulsion from school and censure from the government. Consider how any exercise of the freedom guaranteed by the institutions for whose preservation so much blood is to be spilled has been curtailed, and then after you have weighed it carefully ask what these caption writers mean by their hyperboles.

* * *

THROUGHOUT the country the radical elements are beginning to feel the heavy hand of patriotism in action. To be a non-conformist is the worst crime in a country that guarantees freedom of thought and speech.

Anti-War meetings suppressed in various cities, newspapers confiscated, conscientious objectors to mass murder mobbed, men and women cast into prison, among whom are Yager, Kerr, Shiloh, Miss Emma Hopkins in New York, and Comrades Havel and Appel in Chicago, to mention only a few. Such are the first buds on the rotten tree of "Democracy fighting for liberty and humanity." What will its fully ripe fruit be? No one can tell. But one thing is certain: now is the test for men and women that really love liberty and hate war.

It is up to them, now if ever, to try to stem the tide of insanity that is threatening to engulf the country into the abyss of a democratic frightfulness *at home*.

The first casualties of the war in this country have been free speech and free press. *L'Era Nuova*, the Anarchist weekly of Paterson, N. J., has been suppressed without rime or reason, and Comrade Widmar, the manager, arrested and held in \$25,000 bail. Next came *Golos Truda*, the Russian weekly, the last issue of which has been held up by the postal authorities. The last issue of *The Blast*, of San Francisco, has also been prohibited in the New York mails. The reply of its editor was the immediate removal of the paper from San Francisco to New York, where *The Blast* will continue its appearance in spite of—what Sherman called war.

Who is next, we wonder? In the words of the jolly poet: "A glass to the dead already! Hurrah for the next that dies!"

* * *

AT LAST the San Francisco frame-up against Tom Mooney and his co-defendants is exposed. So far as we are concerned, we knew all along—and repeated it tirelessly—that the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco has conspired to railroad innocent labor men to the gallows in order to discredit the militant workers of the Coast and terrorize the whole labor movement of the country. We have emphasized it upon every occasion, but the great compact majority is moved only by patriotic and religionistic Charlie Chaplins. But something happened in San Francisco that aroused even the dull majority. A veritable bombshell was thrown in that city when the defense of the accused labor men produced the very man with whom Oxman, the chief witness of the prosecution, conspired to perjure Mooney to the gallows. Documentary proof, telegrams and letters have been unearthed that lay bare the plot of District Attorney Fickert, his assistant Cunha, Police Lieutenant Bunner and Oxman to hang innocent men, by order of the Chamber of Commerce.

The public conscience of San Francisco has finally been aroused over the attempted legal lynching of Mooney and comrades. Oxman has been arrested, and a special Grand Jury is investigating the deep-laid plot. It is ex-

pected that Weinberg, Nolan and Mrs. Rena Mooney will soon be released. Mooney and Billings, having already been convicted, will have to pass through the ordeal of a new trial. Stupid, of course, since every one now realizes their innocence of the charges against them. But the law is above common sense or decency, and therefore funds are still needed by the Defense to prevent the next attempt of the Chamber of Commerce to convict them.

No doubt the aroused "civic pride" of San Francisco, always zealous of "fair name of the City of the Golden Gate," will demand Oxman as its victim. But that would not be quite fair. Oxman is of course a scoundrel and a proven professional witness who does not scruple to send a man to the gallows for a few paltry dollars. But Oxman is only a tool. The real culprits and legal murderers are Fickert and Cunha, of the District Attorney's office, and back of them is the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco which has raised a fund of millions for the avowed purpose of breaking up the labor unions and destroying its best representatives.

It is the Chamber of Commerce, primarily, that is guilty of the fiendish plot to murder four innocent men and the wife of one of them, because of their activities in behalf of labor.

And the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco is a very respectable body: they are the pillars of State and Church and the leaders of American patriotism.

* * *

THE exposure of the frame-up against Mooney and comrades will have a good effect on future labor trials of similar nature. For in every one of these cases lurks the capitalistic nigger in the woodpile, and ever it is the cabala of the official Fickerts and Cunhas in the pay of the respectable exploiters of labor.

Thus it was in the attempt of Cloak manufacturers of New York, about two years ago, to railroad officials of Cloakmakers Union to death on trumped up charges during the big strike in that industry. And now the scene has shifted to the State of Washington, where the Lumber Trust is attempting to frame up 74 members of the I. W. W. on charges of murder in connection with the Everett strike of the lumber jacks and resulting free speech fight. Murder there was indeed done in Everett.

Five splendid I. W. W. boys were done to death by the Sheriff and the respectable business vigilantes when they deliberately and without provocation opened fire on the boat Verona. The irony of it! Instead of the official-murderers being in the prisoners' dock, it is the survivors of the Verona who are on trial for murder.

As in San Francisco, the authorities of Everett have made use of stools and perjurers to manufacture evidence against Thos. H. Tracey, the first of the I. W. W. now being tried in Seattle, Wash. The defense has already demonstrated the motives back of the trial: the determination of the Lumber Trust to exterminate the I. W. W. because of their energetic activity among the lumber workers. The proceedings in the Seattle court room are an exact replica of the San Francisco trial of Mooney and Billings. The judge is "exceeding fair," the State witnesses lie shamelessly and contradict each other, and the authorities support the master hand behind the scenes.

Will the result of the Seattle trials be the same as of those in San Francisco? Beside the new-found evidence in the Mooney case, it was the aroused voice of labor that focussed attention on the California frame-up. A similar stand of the workers in behalf of the I. W. W. defendants in Seattle will also expose the murderous conspiracy of the Lumber Trust.

* * *

ALL the forces of reaction seem to have gone into collaboration to destroy what little work for liberation has been done in America. Already we see, with war but a recently declared fact, signs of suppression of every right vouchsafed by constitutional grant as well as those rights acquired unsanctioned. All the labor and sacrifice for the achievement of a few lesser privileges is to be wiped away with one stroke by a provision, hastily enacted, under the well concealed heading of "a war time measure."

The espionage bill bids fair to become a law the effectiveness of which will not cease with international hostilities. In it will be embodied every demand of the reactionaries for the curtailing of freedom of speech, press and thought.

Protest against this bill has risen from our most secure

contemporaries. Even they see in it a violation of every fundamental principle of liberty. But not one of them has taken the trouble to point out the evil which lies in all the antecedents from which this bill has grown. Censorship is not a new thing in America. Try, for example, to reveal some social injustice such as the Night Court inquisition and learn, as Pearson's magazine did, the penalty for criticism. Try to sell the works of so eminent a scientist as Forel and learn the power of those who sponsor such restrictive measures. Instances of the vicious influence of these prohibitors can be given innumerable.

The espionage bill will offer men like Mr. Sumner excuse enough to indict every person in America who has the audacity to think. What were those well known, hitherto often quoted words of a certain Patrick Henry?

* * *

SO GIGANTIC an issue as the world war obscures some of the lesser evils of society to such a degree as to leave its victims to suffer as best they can without their having even the solace that thinking people have been aroused to indignation on their account. We are too busy discussing national destinies, cultural distinctions of races, and all the other easy abstractions that this war invokes to give thought to those problems which brought forth so much feeling before August, 1914. Who cares now about such old time problems as capital punishment, for example? An electric chair is a trivial instrument of destruction when compared with a Lewis gun.

In Pennsylvania a bill for the abolition of capital punishment was recently rejected on the ground that there is a need of greater rather than less severity in the punishment of crime. A newspaper commenting editorially on this bill urges court, jury, and prosecuting officers to the duty of "giving this measure its full meaning." These accessories before the fact of murder have not yet been indicted. We are told that the punishment of an accomplice in homicide is the same as for the actual perpetrators of the deed. The courts are lax in discharging their duties. . . .

"To the men who run the railways of the country, whether they be managers or operative employees, let me say that the railways are the arteries of the nation's life, and that upon them rests the immense responsibility of seeing to it that those arteries suffer no obstruction of any kind, no inefficiency or slackened power.

"To the miner let me say that he stands where the farmer does. The work of the world waits on him. If he slackens or fails, armies and statesmen are helpless. He also is enlisted in the great service army."—From the President's Proclamation, April 15, 1917.

VERILY, the work of the revolutionists in this country has not been in vain, if they have made the government realize the power of Labor. "The railways are the arteries of the nation's life." And who, pray, is the nation, if not the very people who run the railways and their comrades of the working class? We are assured as much in the declaration to the miner and farmer: "The work of the world waits on him. If he slackens or fails, armies and statesmen are helpless."

What is the moral the workers will have to learn from this admission? Just this: They are the blood which pulsates through the arteries of life. They are the power upon which the work of the world waits. Why, then, statesmen and armies at all?

The government of this country must be in dire despair if it concedes to the workers so much. It is to be hoped Labor will ponder over and act upon it in its own behalf.

* * *

BEN REITMAN'S case is to come up for a hearing in May, after all. We had hoped to have it postponed until October, so our friend could continue his work during the summer. But apparently it is not to be.

We are not over-optimistic about the outcome, since it hardly ever happens that a court of appeal reverses a verdict in such cases. Still, the sentence of six months and the thousand dollars fine imposed upon our Comrade by Judge Cull, of Cleveland, is so outrageous that the Court of Appeals may be moved to grant Ben Reitman a new trial.

In any event, our friend is ready for whatever may come. With militarism run amuck, one is almost tempted to break into jail as a safer place than outside of it. Ben is now with his mother for a little vacation. Our friends can reach him at 1326 Ellis Park, Chicago.

AMERICA AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

BY ALEXANDER BERKMAN

THE genesis of every war is written in secret diplomacy and hypocrisy. But as things develop, the real motives and purposes inevitably come to the fore. Whatever the high-sounding phrases about the humanitarian aims of America in joining the European slaughter, it daily becomes more apparent that the workers of this country are to be called upon to pull the chestnuts for the European governments from the fire of war. The allies are quite frank about it. They mildly ridicule the idea of having American soldiers sent to fight in the trenches. Perhaps they haven't much faith in the fighting qualities of the shouting patriots. At any rate they assure us that they have plenty of soldiers, but what they need is a large industrial army to work for cheap wages and to produce plenty of food and ammunition for the men in the trenches.

The American press was quick to take the hint. Industrial conscription, they argue, is needed even more than military—industrial conscription both in this country and in Europe. No doubt they also have an eye upon the future. With the suspension of labor laws, introduction of long hours and forced intensive toil as a military necessity, the American worker will receive a training that will prove invaluable to the bosses, especially after the war. Those who justify every repressive measure now being passed by the Federal and State legislatures on the ground of military necessity, will do well to consider that the spirit of military discipline, subjection and forced employment, once introduced, is like weeds encouraged in a garden. What is being justified now as a military necessity, will remain an established fact of daily practice after the war, and will be later justified with a similar logic, as a post-bellum necessity to help the country to recuperate from the ravages of the war. It means, in short, the permanency of forced toil and slavery.

Plans are even being formed now, to send American workers as a conscripted industrial army to France and other European countries, and to have such workers leased out to private employers, because of military necessity, you know. Private employers, it is argued, are

more efficient than governmental, but nothing is said about the billions of profit the private employers are to make from conscripted American toil.

It would be strange indeed, if this and a thousand other similar phases of the American declaration of war will not open the eyes of the public to the real issues. Wilson seems anxious to democratize Germany even if he has to Prussianize America to do so. He is President because he has "kept us out of war," and he is leading us Prussianward.

The American press is very much concerned over the danger of the Russian revolution "going too far." Nothing too boisterous or too radical, a nice respectable revolution is what they want, and the great free United States is held up as the example for new Russia to emulate. The America of Negro lynchings, Colorado massacres, California Frame-ups! They pretend to be jubilant over the Russian revolution, but at heart every government and its subsidized press is trembling with fear lest the revolution in Russia prove a real revolution. And there are many indications that it will prove so.

The Russian Provisional government feels like any other government. It wants to strengthen its position and to perpetuate itself in power. For it the revolution has accomplished its mission, by putting the Miliukovs and the Rodziankos in power. But they will have to reckon with the Russian people. The latter will not be seduced by the false alarm of democratic liberty à la United States. Intelligent classes in Russia realize that liberty embalmed in constitutions is a dead letter. The agrarian population is not to be enthused with promises of paper privileges. The Muzhik wants land, and he knows what he wants. The proletariat of the industrial cities knows that the mere abolition of the czar will not fill their pay envelopes. They want higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions of living. Their method of fighting has for years been the general strike. Their struggle has always been conducted on the economic field. They are practiced in the weapon of economic terror. All these elements will not be satisfied with mere political changes. To them the revolution is only beginning.

Another factor, whose importance cannot be overestimated, is the return of over hundred thousands of political exiles from Siberia. Among these are so-called extremists, social revolutionists and anarchists—men and women who have seen through the meshes of the political spider web, and who will not be satisfied with anything less than fundamental economic changes that shall return the land to the peasant and insure the full product of labor to the workers. These political exiles, men and women of idealism, of courage and proven self-sacrifice, are at the present moment the great hope of New Russia. They will make it their mission to leaven the masses of Russia with a clear and thorough understanding of the revolution, of its deeper aims and purposes and of the final emancipation of the people from modern wage slavery—for which the now returned exiles, and so many thousands of their known and unknown comrades, have suffered in the dungeons of Russia and the prison hells of Siberia.

Surely all this martyrdom would be in vain were Russia to listen to the voice of Wall Street and saddle itself with the greatest of all vampires, the beurocracy of commercialism. That is the hope of the governments and plutocrats throughout the world. But the spirit of the Russian people is alien to it. Russia loves liberty enough to die for it. Russia, the land of the peasant commune, the country of the Dostoyevskys and Gorkys, of the Sheliabovs and Perovskayas, the Spiridonovas and Breshkovskayas, will not content itself with counterfeit democracy. Russian literature, the greatest of the world, is the mirror of Russian character and life. Russian character and life will yet lead the world into the Open Road of real liberty, well-being and beauty.

* * *

THE BLAST

**HAS REMOVED FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO
NEW YORK.**

The next issue will appear May 1st. Those who appreciate the work of **THE BLAST** and know its difficult struggle are asked to assist.

Address: 20 East 125th Street, New York City.

Alexander Berkman

M. E. Fitzgerald

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE CHAMELEON

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

FOR well-nigh half a century the leaders of woman suffrage have been claiming that miraculous results would follow the enfranchisement of woman. All the social and economic evils of past centuries would be abolished once woman will get the vote. All the wrongs and injustices, all the crimes and horrors of the ages would be eliminated from life by the magic decree of a scrap of paper.

When the attention of the leaders of the movement was called to the fact that such extravagant claims convince no one, they would say, "Wait until we have the opportunity; wait till we are face to face with a great test, and then you will see how superior woman is in her attitude toward social progress."

The intelligent opponents of woman suffrage, who were such on the ground that the representative system has served only to rob man of his independence, and that it will do the same to woman, knew that nowhere has woman suffrage exerted the slightest influence upon the social and economic life of the people. Still they were willing to give the suffrage exponents the benefit of doubt. They were ready to believe that the suffragists were sincere in their claim that woman will never be guilty of the stupidities and cruelties of man. Especially did they look to the militant suffragettes of England for a superior kind of womanhood. Did not Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst make the bold statement from an American platform that woman is more humane than man, and that she never would be guilty of his crimes: for one thing, woman does not believe in war, and will never support wars.

But politicians remain politicians. No sooner did England join the war, for humanitarian reasons, of course, than the suffrage ladies immediately forgot all their boasts about woman's superiority and goodness and immolated their party on the altar of the very government which tore their clothing, pulled their hair and fed them forcibly for their militant activities. Mrs. Pankhurst and her hosts became more passionate in their war mania, in their thirst for the enemy's blood than the most hardened militarists. They consecrated their all, even their sex at-

traction, as a means of luring unwilling men into the military net, into the trenches and death. For all this they are now to be rewarded with the ballot. Even Asquith, the erstwhile foe of the Pankhurst outfit, is now convinced that woman ought to have the vote, since she has proven so ferocious in her hate, and is so persistently bent on conquest. All hail to the English women who bought their vote with the blood of the millions of men already sacrificed to the monster War. The price is indeed great, but so will be the political jobs in store for the lady politicians.

The American suffrage party, bereft of an original idea since the days of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucy Stone, and Susan Anthony, must needs ape with parrot-like stupidity the example set by their English sisters. In the heroic days of militancy, Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers were roundly repudiated by the American suffrage party. The respectable, lady-like Mrs. Catt would have nothing to do with such ruffians as the militants. But when the suffragettes of England, with an eye for the flesh pots of Parliament, turned sommersault, the American suffrage party followed suit. Indeed, Mrs. Catt did not even wait until war was actually declared by this country. She went Mrs. Pankhurst one better. She pledged her party to militarism, to the support of every autocratic measure of the government long before there was any necessity for it all. Why not? Why waste another fifty years lobbying for the vote if one can get it by the mere betrayal of an ideal? What are ideals among politicians, anyway!

The arguments of the antis that woman does not need the vote because she has a stronger weapon—her sex—was met with the declaration that the vote will free woman from the degrading need of sex appeal. How does this proud boast compare with the campaign started by the suffrage party to lure the manhood of America into the European sea-blood? Not only is every youth and man to be brazenly solicited and cajoled into enlisting by the fair members of the suffrage party, but wives and sweethearts are to be induced to play upon the emotions and feelings of the men, to bring their sacrifice to the Moloch of Patriotism and War.

How is this to be accomplished? Surely not by argu-

ment. If during the last fifty years the women politicians failed to convince most men that woman is entitled to political equality, they surely will not convince them suddenly that they ought to go to certain death while the women remain safely tucked away at home sewing bandages. No, not argument, reason or humanitarianism has the suffrage party pledged to the government; it is the sex attraction, the vulgar persuasive and ensnaring appeal of the female let loose for the glory of the country. What man can resist that? The greatest have been robbed of their sanity and judgment when benumbed by the sex appeal. How is the youth of America to withstand it?

The cat is out of the bag. The suffrage ladies have at last proven that their prerogative is neither intelligence nor sincerity, and that their boast of equality is all rot; that in the struggle for the vote, even, the sex appeal was their only resort, and cheap political reward their only aim. They are now using both to feed the cruel monster war, although they must know that awful as the price is which man pays, it is as naught compared with the cruelties, brutalities, and outrage woman is subjected to by war.

The crime which the leaders of the American woman suffrage party have committed against their constituency is in direct relation of the procurer to his victim. Most of them are too old to effect any result upon enlistment through their own sex appeal, or to render any personal service to their country. But in pledging the support of the party they are victimizing the younger members. This may sound harsh, but it is true nevertheless. Else how are we to explain the pledge, to make a house to house canvass, to work upon the patriotic hysteria of women, who in turn are to use their sex appeal upon the men to enlist. In other words, the very attribute woman was forced to use for her economic and social status in society, and which the suffrage ladies have always repudiated, is now to be exploited in the service of the Lord of War.

In justice to the Woman's Political Congressional Union and a few individual members of the suffrage party be it said that they have refused to be cajoled by the suffrage leaders. Unfortunately, the Woman's Political Congressional Union is really between and betwixt in its

position. It is neither for war nor for peace. That was all well and good so long as the monster walked over Europe only. Now that it is spreading itself at home, the Congressional Union will find that silence is a sign of consent. Their refusal to come out determinedly against war practically makes them a party to it.

In all this muddle among the suffrage factions, it is refreshing indeed to find one woman decided and firm. Jannette Rankin's refusal to support the war will do more to bring woman nearer to emancipation than all political measures put together. For the present she is no doubt considered anathema, a traitor to her country. But that ought not to dismay Miss Rankin. All worth-while men and women have been decried as such. Yet they and not the loud mouthed, weak-kneed patriots are of value to posterity.



COLUMBIA HAS AWAKENED

BY W. S. VAN VALKENBURGH

HOW sad must be the shock to those of innocent faith in America's noble purpose toward the goal of peace occasioned by the declaration of war by the United States upon Germany!

How shallow the specious pleas of those spineless politicians, few though they were, who, declaring that they were against the entrance of the United States in this mercantile massacre, yet if the worst should come to the worst and war should be declared over their protests, that they would stand by the country to the last ditch!

Posterity is destined to record this latest event as an incomparable international infamy. We cannot speak now: we are admonished even not to think with reason, for to think with reason means to cry out to the heavens against this monumental outrage.

We have ample opportunity here and now to witness what a frightful thing is Prussian Militarism. Nor do we have to go to Germany to see it in operation. It is thrust upon us. It stares at us in the theatres: it challenges us on the street corners: it is flaunted at us in the newspapers and, doubtless, it is preached from the pulpits, though this latter must be taken on hearsay evi-

dence because those who abhor useless slaughter do not waste their time listening to the hoot-owls in the churches. Not even the cafés nor bawdy houses are free from this militaristic nightmare, a fact which places them in their true atmosphere and with their real friends.

One must affect to be a patriot these days to live at all.

This does not mean that one must do anything likely to endanger life and limb. It is only necessary to sign a pledge of "unconditional loyalty," or to declare that "the Government has exerted its most earnest efforts to keep us at peace with the world," no matter how much of a liar it makes of one to do it: or, do one's best to shanghai some other fellow to give up a twenty dollar a week job for a crime that pays him sixteen a month and places his family on the eligible list for the poor house, to say nothing of the many other ghastly emoluments that are almost sure to accrue to him who answers the call to "the colors."

The enormity of this sin is unmentionable and indescribable. Its intensity may, perhaps, be measured by many glaring instances, not the least of which was the decision of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party to call a hurried convention to find out where the Socialists should stand. What use to call a convention when Spargo, Walling, Russell & Co., have already spoken for them? (Meanwhile the convention declared against war by a majority of about two-thirds—Ed.) There is no room for question as to where the Anarchists stand on this proposition. They are not pacifists for publicity's sake and neither are they murderers for money's sake.

There are times when the taking of human life is justifiable, but it is never justifiable when the only issue at stake is the delivery of stolen goods to an extravagant customer. And there is nothing else at stake between the United States and Germany to-day. There is a cause, and a justifiable cause for the use of violence, even to the point of shedding blood where justice has been dispensed with and the hangman enthroned instead. There is reason, too, in India where millions are dying of civilization's curse. There will always be just cause for the taking of life so long as a slave remains beneath the Sun.

Perhaps it is retribution merely, that decrees fifteen na-

tions of white men shall go out and butcher one another. It was surely retribution that lay the heavy mailed fist of the Prussian on the Belgian people. Men, women and children were not spared at the Congo. The most silly and dishonest statement in Wilson's call for the war was that the United States Government would not war on the German people, but on the German Government. Governments never fight. They only start fights. The people always carry them out. So it really was the Belgian people who, at the behest of the lecherous Leopold and the monstrous Morgan, so vilely crucified those simple native slaves of the Congo. And what a fitting monument the latter has left in the person of his son, the munition magnate!

Whether we believe it or not, it usually turns out, indeed, it inevitably happens, that evil begets its own reward. It seems too good to be true, but the white man is decimating himself.

What has he done to justify his existence? His greatest achievement has been his learning. This we have, and may keep should he perish. Who will say that this learning is not but the larvae of which, when finally spawned, the moth is doomed to die? What has he done with his learning? He has enslaved men and stolen their labor's product. He has built up a system of dominance upon a foundation of quick-sand, and the corner-stones are beginning to crumble. This crime incarnate, he has labeled CIVILIZATION! It consists of religion, hypocrisy, murder and theft. He has driven primitive peoples from their homes for a bottle of civilization's brew-whiskey, and then he has drenched them in their own blood for protesting.

What country in Europe can say that its hands are clean of such crimes? Can America? With the exception of England the attitude of the United States toward those who stood in the way of colonization wants for words to describe it. The Indian Reservations give ample testimony of how the Red man has fared. Every foot of land from the Atlantic to the Pacific was stolen, either through the barter of rum or paid for at a price which would insult a bell-boy if offered as a tip, or, which was more often the case, wrung from them by utter annihilation.

They are all alike, these so-called superior nations, and now they are reaping the whirl-wind.

In the name of trade the youth of this country is called upon to do the bidding of their rulers. In that they are to fight Germans, and as the Germans are white men who wage frightful war and spare no foes, there should be no particular sympathy wasted on either of the breed. However, something good may come out of it after all. A little good has been accomplished in Russia—though its lasting character is still in doubt. If, by the entrance of the United States in this affair, such a hatred of authority should be engendered within the breasts of men and women that no clique could ever rule again despotically, the war will produce something worth while. If only Mr. Roosevelt could induce Congress and the Cabinet to emulate his boast and each and every one of those patriotic phrase-mongers in Washington would organize a company of editors, preachers and college professors to go to the front and never come back, the awakening of Columbia would be an event of joy and glory for the masses of men in overalls instead of the sacrilegious shame that it is.



Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of MOTHER EARTH, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1917.

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ben. L. Reitman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the MOTHER EARTH Magazine and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, Emma Goldman, 20 E. 125th St., N. Y. C.; Editor, Emma Goldman, 20 E. 125th St., N. Y. C.; Managing Editor, Emma Goldman, 20 E. 125th St., N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Dr. Ben. L. Reitman, 20 E. 125th St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owners are: Emma Goldman, 20 E. 125th St., N. Y. C.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

BEN L. REITMAN, M.D., Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 16th day of March, 1917.

(Seal)

GEORGE W. BURNHAM.

(My commission expires January 23, 1919.)

MAN AND MUSIC

BY ERNEST BLOCH

(Conclusion)

THIS shameful state of affairs has of course infected the press. In Europe, doubtless in America as well, place and attention are not always accorded to the true work of art, to the true man of art. Public opinion has become vitiated; and those whose mission it is to enlighten the masses are most active in perverting them.

This, however, is only one side of the question. It explains but one aspect, the "nether regions" of art. There is a whole category of artists whose material ease and conscience as well enable them to hold far aloof from all this promiscuous evil. But are they, for all this, freer than the others? Are they free to live, to see, to feel, to think first and then to proclaim what they have received, without constraint and without concession? I think not. Another tyranny, equally dangerous, holds them down. They are not the slaves of merchant-editors and directors, of an easy and degraded public taste; but they are the slaves of the conventions of our time, of fashion, of the attenuated pleasures of a special set. Above all, they are subject to the intellectualism which by its constraint withers and renders false the true conception of art. Most of our artists to-day do not live an ample, integrated life. Their life is rarified, cerebral, artificial: largely a seeking of technique.

In certain epochs of history, broad truths, social, political or religious, have set up wide currents of thought and feeling that have swept man along in a unity of action and of faith. In such times, art has been one with life and its expression has stood for humanity. Egypt, Greece, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance knew such an art. It seems to me that the latest example of one of these collective states of soul in music was Richard Wagner; for in him we find incarnate the future dream and development of his race. But since Wagner's time no great conception, no great conviction has fertilized mankind. On the other hand, the critical instinct has developed, the positive sciences have reigned; industrialism and the vulgarization of art, heightened communication and interchange of ideas have foisted on our consciousness a

febrile mixture of thought and feeling. We find the most hostile theories living side by side. The old convictions are shattered, and new ideas are not strong enough to become convictions. Everywhere there is chaos. And art indeed has been the mirror of our uncertainties. It is significant to find, in a single epoch, the flourishing of works and styles so varied and so opposed: Reger to Strauss, Mahler to Schoenberg; Saint Saens to d'Indy or Debussy; Puccini to Dukas. Our arts tend more and more toward an individualistic, non-representative and non-racial expression. Nor is the factitious renaissance of national arts which manifested itself before the war to be taken seriously. The ardor of these prophets was an affair of the will, of the intellect. Their influence on the real domain of art is negligible.

There can be no doubt, for instance, that a great artist like Claude Debussy stands for the best and purest traditions of the French. But he is representative chiefly aesthetically and in form. The essence of his inspiration has little in common with the present state of France. He stands far less for France than a Rabelais, a Montaigne, a Voltaire, a Balzac, a Flaubert. He represents in reality only a small part of his country.*

Debussy represents the goal of the preraphaelite doctrines propounded by the symbolist poets and painters of France. Above all, he represents Claude Debussy. And it is precisely in this fact that his immense value lies; his personality, his special individuality.

Unfortunately, this is not what musicians have sought in him. Quite on the contrary, they appreciate and emulate the exterior part of his work which is of importance only because of what it expresses; so that the fate of Debussy has been the usual one. First, he was ignored. Now, he is understood and admired only through his superficial and trivial qualities. An army of imitators, of second-hand manufacturers, pounced on the technique of Claude Debussy. And through their ironical activities that which was the peculiar accent of a peculiar personality becomes a debased tongue: musicians who have nothing in common with Debussy now think that they must use his words. And criticism which seems perennially

*Perhaps it is unjust to seek this manifestation of France in her music. Her poets and novelists, painters and sculptors are certainly more typical. Each race has its arts of predilection.

unable to distinguish the true work from the pastiche exalts with the same adjectives the authentic expression and the sickening imitation.

Of course, the language of Debussy has become vulgarized and denatured; false usage has emptied it of its native color. It has become a mechanical procedure, without power and without soul. And the consequence, as with Wagner, has been a constant musical depreciation. For the ears of these moderns Debussy is already "*vieux jeu*." Debussy has had to be outbidden. From one tonal exaggeration to another, we have been hurried along until our ears have become actually perverse and incapable of savoring the clean and fresh beauty of old masterpieces. Our appetite increases for still hotter spices, for still wilder complexities.*

First, the Wagnerians created "Wagnerism"—a narrow doctrine that declared itself the absolute truth; then the admirers of Debussy forged their "*debussysme*," a doctrine equally narrow and equally intolerant of the past. And now comes a new aesthetic—that of the *bored ones*! It is based exclusively upon technical considerations. With the charge of rhetoric it denies most of the superb eras of musical history, as if its own rhetoric were better!—and it succeeds utterly in confounding the means of art with its end. Its cry is for novelty, and still more novelty. If our fathers were the slaves of custom, the new school is the slave of novelty. This frenzied search for originality has led to cubism, futurism, all those tendencies which above everything are creations of reason and not of feeling.

Here is a new criterion; and all our musicians, artists, critics are touched by it in some degree. When I say that they are not free, I mean that an intellectual barrier exists between their motion and their work—a sort of sensory perversion that twists their thoughts, inhibits their inspiration, and warps their taste. They are forever thinking of the development of their art—not as the corollary of a logical growth of thought, not as a spontaneous expression of life, but as a thing-in-itself, apart from life. And the truth is that they neither understand nor are interested in anything so much as the elaboration of their technique.

*The same external evolution has taken place in the domains of counterpoint and orchestration.

III.

In conclusion, I should say that at the present time the world of art is divided into two great currents. The lower one is that of the masses: their facile taste is sinking with the love of platitude and the weight of mechanical inventions—phonograph, pianola, cinematograph.* The other current is that of the "high-brow." With perverted taste, it looks on art as a luxury, as a purveyor of rare sensations, as a matter of intellectual acrobatics.

Both on its higher and lower levels art has broken with life. And this, doubtless, explains why the fearful events now transfiguring mankind have had so little effect upon it.

The two worlds gravitate upon different orbits. But what must be the result? Are we at a period of transition; or are we virtually on the decline? Like all things, art is born, lives, dies. Is its story told? Are we definitively approaching a world of materialism, of egotism, of sensual satisfaction? Is the soul to atrophy in the dry-dust atmosphere of industrialism which now swirls about us and whose chaotic noises overwhelm and submerge us, day by day? Or is a rebirth coming? I, for one, do not believe that Humanity has finished its march. Humanity has merely turned a corner. We are not ready to deny the best within ourselves. But, to be sure, it will not be formulas, procedures, new theories that will create the art of to-morrow! Form is all important, since by means of it the artist materializes his vision; and for new thoughts there must indeed spring up new manners and modes of expression. In this case, all experiment is better than mere stagnation and the effort of the *tasters* of art will not have been in vain. However false their direction, they at least work upon the soil in which must stir the harvest of to-morrow. They set their stakes. But the harvest cannot rise until a new seed has been planted.

Will the war bring forth that seed? I am rather of the opinion that this will be a distant consequence. I believe that some day we shall be weary of this daily miserable struggle, that a little true love will be reborn in the withered hearts of men. Perhaps, after our hatred, kindled only by a few, there will come one of those cleansing revolutions that will shake the world on its founda-

*Witness the slow but sure degradation of the lyric theater.

tions and sweep away the poisonous vapors. Perhaps, then, a new life will rise up and with it something of youth and verdure and joy; while the old limping religions, the gods in whom no one believes, will be swept away with the ruins. A new dawn will shine, and in their hearts men will feel once more the eternal flame that they believed extinct. A little fraternity, a little love, a little gladness will gleam on the face of the world and catch up the hearts of all men in one impulse, in one rhythm. And for these new hearts there will need to be new songs!

I am certain, then, that art, like a thirsty and withered plant which finds once more its native soil, will replunge its yearning roots into the old, good earth; it will hold fast; it will drain the pith of life, and, quite naturally, without effort, having found its home, its truth, it will blossom afresh.



PRESS CENSORSHIP IN INDIA

BY RAM CHANDRA

IN INDIA no newspaper can be published unless its proprietor or publisher gives 10,000 rupees in bonds, and a guaranty of loyalty to the British government. Therefore no paper can tell the truth about British rule in India, or publish war news prejudicial to the interests of the British government. Otherwise the bond and press are instantly confiscated, without judicial proceeding; the paper suppressed and the editor sent to jail.

So severe are the laws in India that some of the highest British authorities plead for their relaxation—in order to ascertain the sentiments of the people. Sir John Hewett, formerly governor of the united provinces, on return from a recent visit to India, has made this statement in London: "Things which are freely published in England are tabooed by the censor in India. In reality, it should rather be the other way about."

The well-known Calcutta Hindu daily paper, *Amrita Bazar Patrika*, published in English, and established more than 50 years ago, was ordered by the government not to publish news regarding the European war, even from the London newspapers. Prior to this order several of its printers were sent to jail for publishing so-called sedi-

tious articles. A vernacular daily Lahore paper, *Zamindar*, was ordered to publish only Reuter's telegrams from London. The proprietor and editor-in-chief of this paper is interned without trial and is not allowed to write anything for publication. The manager and editor of *Comrade* and *Hamdard*, Delhi, were interned and the staff of these papers was ordered not to publish anything without first submitting proof sheets to the commissioner at Delhi.

The aged Marhatta leader, B. G. Tilk, the noted author of "The Arctic Home in the Vedas" and editor of *Kesree* (Poona, Bombay), was sent to jail four times for publishing alleged seditious notes and comments.

A security of 40,000 rupees has been demanded from Mrs. Anne Besant, the world-noted theosophist leader, because she had ventured to make a thoughtful protest against the government press policy, in her paper *The New India*.

The censorship has become so extreme that papers allowed to be published in Bengal are not allowed to be sent to the Punjab, that is, from one province to another.

According to the statements of the home secretary, Sir Reginald Craddock, and other high officials, about 400 newspapers and magazines have been suppressed and punished. Even before the war, editors were imprisoned for publishing so-called seditious articles. Among them were: fourteen editors of Calcutta *Yugantar* sent to jail during a period of only two years, and seven editors of *Swawji*, Allahabad, imprisoned within one year.

The news of the declaration of war in Europe did not reach India until two days after the event. The news of the death of Lord Kitchener was held back for three days. The news of the great naval battle, May 31, 1916, in the North Sea, reached India after a week. The news of the revolt in Ireland reached there long after the rebellion had been suppressed. The only reference allowed to be published regarding the trip of the German undersea boat "Deutschland" was the following: "The British Government has protested to the United States Department regarding the 'Deutschland.'" The newspapers which come to this country from India are abundantly slashed. Whole paragraphs are cut out with scissors, leaving the most incomprehensible gaps in the ac-

counts . The British government is most anxious to hold back from the outside world even those statements which are published in India as officially approved.

Hindu Journalism Abroad

The most interesting feature of the Hindu (East Indian) journalistic enterprise is the publication of a number of journals and periodicals outside India, in London, Paris, Geneva, Berlin, Constantinople, Tokio, San Francisco, South Africa, (Transvaal), Canada (British Vancouver), Pondicherry (French Indies).

This represents the most potent of the agencies which have in recent years brought about in India an ideological and institutional change which is nothing short of a revolution. Hindu journalism from abroad has been consistently the champion of the underlying truths of modern culture, namely Democracy and Science, as opposed to Mediaevalism, which stood for blind faith, tradition, status and privilege. It is vital and sincere, and never oblivious of the great mission it has to perform. Its spirit is not commercial but missionary. Hence it is not surprising that the power of Indian journalism from abroad in shaping the political and sociological conditions of the Hindus, even in India, is far greater than that of journalism in India itself. This can be understood only by bearing in mind that the political régime which prevails in India to-day is an unnatural one, and does not at all permit freedom of press or of speech or of assembly.

Under the rigorous Press Acts within the last two years about 400 newspapers, as a conservative estimate, have been severely punished by the British authorities in various ways. In almost every case they were confiscated and heavily fined. In this list appear such notable names as those of the *Al-Halal* of Calcutta, *Khalsa Sereak* of Amritsar; *Karm Yogin* of Calcutta, and Allahabad; *Akash* of Delhi. In many cases the editors were flung into jails for long periods, ranging from three years to twenty years and more, at hard labor, or deported to wild islands without trial under the Ordinance of 1818.

Under these circumstances the people in India do not expect much guidance or enlightenment from newspapers published in the country. On the other hand, their faith in Hindu papers published abroad is unbounded.

The Hindu papers abroad are published in the several dialects of India as well as in English.

A diminishing number of them is permitted entry into British India, but they are often smuggled into the country and read there with avidity. Their permanent clientele consists of about two million Hindus who reside outside India.



THE MOB

BY BEN HECHT

A CROWD gathered, seeming to grow out of the sidewalk. It was in front of a department store in State street, the moving stream of men and women suddenly congealed.

Their mysterious and impenetrable energies were galvanized with an equal suddenness into a vacuous concentration.

The men edged each other and pried themselves into a great black knot. The women rose on tip toes and stretched their necks.

Two policemen walked roughly into the throng, seeming to filter through the layers of thickly wedged spectators.

None knew exactly what had happened. In the center of the crowd, pressed against the wall of the store, stood two men and a woman. One of the men, well dressed, was bleeding from his nose.

The blood dripped over his clothes and spattered in bright stains on his shoes and the pavement. He paid no attention. His eyes were fastened on the other man whose clothes were shabby. He regarded him viciously like a man whom sudden rage has robbed of thought. He stood breathing in gasps, his fists clenched and his mouth opened. For moments he remained speechless and then an inspiration struck him.

"You dirty Anarchist," he cried. The crowd thrilled. The men who heard the words repeated them in a whisper.

"Soak him," someone cried.

The police appeared suddenly in the center. One of them seized the man with the bloody nose.

The other seized his assailant who was poorly dressed

and who had been standing with his eyes to the ground and a listless expression on his face.

The woman whose hat was awry and whose hair had become somewhat undone, suddenly screamed.

The crowd opened and the five central figures passed through to the corner.

"I was walking along with her. She's my wife," the bloody nose began, "when this bum came up and struck me."

The policeman who was holding the bum shook him roughly and jerked him out of his tracks.

"What did yu hit him for?" he demanded.

"He was hitting the woman," said the bum, "I saw him pull her and slap her. I told him to stop and he swore. So I hit him."

The policeman who had inserted his hand under his collar jerked him out of his tracks again.

"I was arguing with my wife," resumed the bloody nose, "and he came along and hit me. He butted right in and hit me. I was walking along peacably minding my own business and he came up and soaked me."

"What did yu do it for?" demanded the policeman for the second time.

The man lowered his eyes to the ground and stared and did not answer.

The crowd began to surge.

"Soak him," some one cried out again. "He's an Anarchist."

Those in the rear pressed forward. The man seemed oblivious. He kept his eyes lowered and his face remained blank. His features were thin, his skin smooth shaven. His hat had fallen off and his long black hair lay uncombed on his head.

It made him look wild.

The policeman who was holding him unloosened his hand. The man bent forward to pick up his hat.

The policeman pounced on him and swung with his fist, landing a blow behind the man's ear. He fell to the ground.

The two policemen jerked him to his feet, shaking him into sudden consciousness.

"Yu will, will you," demanded the one who had struck the blow, "Yu'd better not try tu get away again."

The man stood looking dully at the ground.

"That's the idee," yelled someone in the crowd, "swat him again."

They pressed forward and several men nearest the group pushed violently against the "bum."

One of them shoved him with his hand. He staggered and fell against a short, stout man who gave him a shove back.

The policeman seized him by the collar and flung him toward the curbing.

"Stand still, will yu," he commanded, "or I'll fix yu good next time."

The man remained with his eyes fastened on the ground.

They were waiting for the patrol.

"I was walking along peacably," resumed the bloody nose, "when he rushed up to me and banged me."

"How about it, lady," inquired the policeman, turning to the woman.

"Yes," said the woman, "He's my husband."

The man looked at her and repeated, "He was hitting the woman there when I saw him, and I told him to stop and he swore. So I hit him."

"Well, what if he was hitting her?" demanded the policeman. "She's his wife, ain't she? What business have you got buttin' in and disturbin' the peace, eh?"

He jerked him again.

"Say, I have quarrels with my wife and so does everybody else. I guess yu'll keep yure hands tu yourself before yu're through with this."

"Why don't yu let the other fella poke him?" demanded a voice.

"He's a dirty Anarchist," howled someone in the rear.

"He's a bad one," whispered several, "Look at him."

The man stood with his eyes dully to the ground.

Moisse, the young dramatist, fought his way through the throng. In his slow progress he learned the nature of the disturbance.

A man had struck another whom he saw quarreling with a woman, one explained.

Another replied that it had been a cold-blooded assault. A third said the woman had been hit by the man.

Moisse arrived in the center in time to overhear the man's own explanation.

"Was yure husband hittin' yu?" asked the policeman of the woman.

"No," said the woman.

The man looked at her and remained silent. The patrol was in sight clattering down the street a block away.

Moisse, the young dramatist, stepped forward. He stood facing the man in the policeman's grasp.

"I want to shake hands with you," said Moisse in a loud voice, "You're a hero."

He extended his hand and seized the man's and shook it. The man kept his eyes dully on the ground.

"Anybody who will beat a woman is a damn cad and the man who will resent it shows a spark of chivalry worthy of a hero," he went on. "Let me shake your hand again."

He slapped the man on the back and dropped his hand.

"That's right," cried a voice, "he's right."

"The fella was hittin' a woman," cried another voice.

"He got what was comin to him," said another.

A short, fat man stepped pompously forward.

"I want to shake your hand," he said to the culprit.

He seized the hand Moisse had dropped and shook it.

"Here, have a cigar," he added, and handing him a cigar, stepped back.

"That's the right idea," a voice cried.

"He did right," another added.

A third man suddenly detached himself from the ring around the central figures.

"Shake," he said brusquely.

The man kept his eyes dully on the ground.

"Have a cigar," he added.

As the patrol drew up a dozen men crowded around the culprit.

"Let him go, take the other man. He was hittin' a woman," cried voices. "Don't pinch him."

The man, his pockets suddenly stuffed with cigars, raised his eyes and looked vacantly at the crowd.

"We'll need him as a witness," explained the policeman.

"Hey you," he said, seizing the bloody nose, "get in there."

He shoved the bloody nose into the wagon.

"Yu'd better come along, too," he went on, pointing to the other.

The culprit stepped into the wagon. His eyes wandering over the crowd caught those of Moisse gazing at him.

The young dramatist winked and the shabby one stared at him.

"Three cheers for the fellow who defended a woman's honor," cried the young dramatist, winking again at the shabby one.

The patrol started with a jerk.

The crowd broke into a cheer.

People passing on the other side of the street turned their heads. . . .

++++

IT IS not desirable to cultivate a respect for the law.—
Law never made men a whit more just; and by means of their respect for it even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice.—*Henry David Thoreau.*

* * *

ANY jackass can rule by martial law.—*Cavour.*

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